EVTHYMIÆ RAPTVS; OR The Teares of PEACE: With Interlocutions.

By GEO. CHAPMAN.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE HIGH BORN PRINCE OF MEN, *HENRIE*, THRICE-ROYALL INHERITOVR TO THE VNITED KINGDOMS OF GREAT BRITANNE.

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THE TEARES OF PEACE.

INDVCTIO.

NOw that our Soueraign, the great King of Peace,
Hath (in her grace) outlabour'd *Hercules*;
And, past his Pillars, stretcht her victories;
Since (as he were sole Soule, t'all Royalties)
He moues all Kings, in this vast Vniuerse,
To cast chaste Nettes, on th'impious lust of *Mars*;
See, All; and imitate his goodnesse still;
That (hauing cleard so well, warres outward ill)
Hee, God-like, still employes his firme desires,
To cast learn'd ynke vpon those inwarde fires,
That kindle worse Warre, in the mindes of men,
Like to incense the outward Warre againe:
Selfe-loue, inflaming so, mens sensuall bloud,
That all good, publique, drownes in priuate good;
And that, sinks vnder, his owne ouer-freight;
Mens Reasons, and their Learnings, shipwrackt quite;
And their Religion, that should still be One,

Takes ſhapes ſo many, that moſt know't in none.
Which, I admiring (ſince, in each man ſhinde
A light ſo cleere, that by it, all might finde
(Being well informd) their obiect perfect Peace;
Which keepes the narrow path to Happineſſe)
In that diſcourſe; I ſhund, (as is my vſe)
The iarring preace, and all their times abuſe;
T'enioy leaſt trodden fieldes, and fre'eſt ſhades;
Wherein (of all the pleaſure that inuades
The life of man, and flies all vulgar feet;
Since ſilent meditation is moſt ſweet)
I ſat to it; diſcourſing what maine want
So ranſackt man; that it did quite ſupplant
The inward Peace I ſpake of; letting in
(At his looſe veines) ſad warre, and all his ſinne.
When, ſodainely, a comfortable light
Brake through the ſhade; and, after it, the ſight
Of a moſt graue, and goodly perſon ſhinde;
With eys tutnd vpwards, & was outward, blind;
But, inward; paſt, and future things, he ſawe;
And was to both, and preſent times, their lawe.
His ſacred boſome was ſo full of fire,
That t'was tranſparent; and made him expire
His breath in flames, that did inſtruct (me thought)
And (as my ſoule were then at full) they wrought.
At which, I caſting downe my humble eyes,
Not daring to attempt their feruencies;
He thus beſpake me; Deare minde, do not feare
My ſtrange apparance; Now t'is time t'outweare
Thy baſhfull diſpoſition, and put on
As confident a countnance, as the Sunne.
For what haſt thou to looke on, more diuine,

And horrid, then man is; as hee should shine;
And as he doth? what, free'd from this worlds strife;
What he is entring; and what, ending life?
All which, thou onely studiest, and dost knowe;
And, more then which, is onely sought for showe.
Thou must not vndervalue what thou hast,
In weighing it with that, which more is grac't;
The worth that weigheth inward, should not long
For outward prices. This should make thee strong
In thy close value; Nought so good can be
As that which lasts good, betwixt God, and thee.
Remember thine owne verse——Should Heauen turn Hell,
For deedes well done, I would do euer well.
This heard, with ioy enough, to breake the twine
Of life and soule, so apt to breake as mine;
I brake into a trance, and then remainde
(Like him) an onely soule; and so obtainde
Such bouldnesse, by the sense hee did controule;
That I set looke, to looke; and soule to soule.
I view'd him at his brightest; though, alas,
With all acknowledgement, of what hee was
Beyond what I found habited in me;
And thus I spake; O thou that (blinde) dost see
My hart, and soule; what may I reckon thee?
Whose heauenly look showes not; nor voice sounds man?
I am (sayd hee) that spirit *Elysian*,
That (in thy natiue ayre; and on the hill
Next *Hitchins* left hand) did thy bosome fill,
With such a flood of soule; that thou wert faine
(With exclamations of her Rapture then)
To vent it, to the Echoes of the vale;
When (meditating of me) a sweet gale

Brought me vpon thee; and thou didſt inherit
My true ſenſe (for the time then) in my ſpirit;
And I, inuiſiblie, went prompting thee,
To thoſe fayre Greenes, where thou didſt engliſh me.
Scarce he had vttered this, when well I knewe
It was my Princes *Homer*; whoſe deare viewe
Renew'd my gratefull memorie of the grace
His Highneſſe did me for him: which, in face,
Me thought the Spirit ſhow'd, was his delight;
And added glory to his heauenly plight:
Who tould me, he brought ſtay to all my ſtate;
That hee was Angell to me; Starre, and Fate;
Aduancing Colours of good hope to me;
And tould me, my retired age ſhould ſee
Heauens bleſſing, in a free, and harmeleſſe life,
Conduct me, through Earths peace-pretending ſtrife,
To that true Peace, whoſe ſearch I ſtill intend,
And to the calme Shore of a loued ende.
But now, as I caſt round my rauiſht eye,
To ſee, if this free Soule had companie;
Or that, alone, hee louingly purſude
The hidden places of my Solitude;
He rent a Cloude downe, with his burning hand
That at his backe hung, twixt me, and a Land
Neuer inhabited; and ſayd; Now, behould
What maine defect it is that doth enfould
The World, in ominous flatteries of a Peace
So full of worſe then warre; whoſe ſterne encreaſe
Deuours her iſſue. With which words, I view'd
A Lady, like a Deitie indew'd;
(But weeping, like a woman) and made way
Out of one Thicket, that ſawe neuer day,

Towards another; bearing vnderneath
Her arme, a Coffine, for some prize of death;
And after her (in funerall forme) did goe
The woddes foure-footed Beasts, by two, and two;
A Male, and Female, matcht, of euerie kinde;
And after them; with like instinct enclinde,
The ayrie Nation felt her sorrowes stings;
Fell on the earth, kept rancke, and hung their wings:
Which sight I much did pittie, and admire;
And longd to knowe the dame that could inspire
Those Bestials, with such humane Forme, and ruthe;
And how I now should knowe, the hidden Truthe
(As *Homer* promist) of that maine defect
That makes men, all their inward Peace reiect
For name of outward: Then hee tooke my hand;
Led to her; and would make my selfe demand,
(Though he could haue resolv'd me) what shee was?
And from what cause, those strange effects had pass?
For whom, She bore that Coffine? and so mournd?
To all which; with all mildenesse, she returnd
An swere; that she was Peace; sent down from heauen
With charge, from the Almightie Deitie giuen,
T'attend on men; who now had banisht her
From their societies, and made her erre
In that wilde desert; onely Humane loue
(Banisht in like sort) did a long time proue
That life with her; but now, alas, was dead,
And lay in that wood to bee buried;
For whom she bore that Coffine, and did mourne;
And that those Beasts were so much humane, borne,
That they, in nature, felt a loue to Peace;
For which, they followd her, when men did cease.

This went ſo neere her heart, it left her tongue;
And (ſilent) ſhe gaue time, to note whence ſprung
Mens want of Peace; which was from want of loue:
And I obſerv'd now, what that peace did proue
That men made ſhift with, & did ſo much pleaſe.
For now, the Sunne declining to the Seas,
Made long miſſhapen ſhadowes; and true Peace
(Here walking in his Beames) caſt ſuch encreaſe
Of ſhaddowe from her; that I ſaw it glide
Through Cities, Courts, and Countryes; and deſcride,
How, in her ſhadowe only, men there liv'd,
While ſhee walkt here ith Sunne: and all that thriv'd
Hid in that ſhade their thrift; nought but her ſhade
Was Bullwarke gainſt all warre that might inuade
Their Countries, or their Conſciences; ſince Loue
(That ſhould giue Peace, her ſubſtance) now they droue
Into the Deſerts; where hee ſufferd Fate,
And whoſe ſad Funerals Beaſts muſt celebrate.
With whom, I freely wiſht, I had beene nurſt;
Becauſe they follow Nature, at their wurſt;
And at their beſt, did teach her. As wee went
I felt a ſcruple, which I durſt not vent,
No not to Peace her ſelfe, whom it concernd,
For feare to wrong her; So well I haue learnd,
To ſhun iniuſtice, euen to doues, or flies;
But, to the Diuell, or the Deſtinies,
Where I am iuſt, and knowe I honour Truth,
Ile ſpeake my thoughts, in ſcorne of what enſu'th.
Yet (not reſolv'd in th'other) there did ſhine
A Beame of *Homers* fre'er ſoule, in mine,
That made me ſee, I might propoſe my doubt;
Which was; If this were true Peace I found out,

That felt such passion? I prov'd her sad part;
And pray'd her call, her voice out of her hart
(There, kept a wrongfull prisoner to her woe)
To answere, why shee was afflicted so.
Or how, in her, such contraries could fall;
That taught all ioy, and was the life of all?
Shee aunswered; *Homer* tould me that there are
Passions, in which corruption hath no share;
There is a ioy of soule; and why not then
A griefe of soule, that is no skathe to men?
For both are Passions, though not such as raigne
In blood, and humor, that engender paine.
Free sufferance for the truth, makes sorrow sing,
And mourning farre more sweet, then banqueting.
Good, that deserueth ioy (receiuing ill)
Doth merit iustly, as much sorrow still:
And is it a corruption to do right?
Griefe, that dischargeth Conscience, is delight:
One sets the other off. To stand at gaze
In one position, is a stupide maze,
Fit for a Statue. This resolv'd me well,
That Griefe, in Peace, and Peace in Griefe might dwell.
And now fell all things from their naturall Birth:
Passion in Heauen; Stupiditie, in Earth,
Inuerted all; the Muses, Vertues, Graces,
Now sufferd rude, and miserable chaces
From mens societies, to that desert heath:
And after them, Religion (chac'd by death)
Came weeping, bleeding to the Funerall:
Sought her deare Mother Peace; and downe did fall,
Before her, fainting, on her horned knees;
Turnd horne, with praying for the miseries

She left the world in; desperate in their sinne;
Marble, her knees peare't; but heauen could not winne
To stay the weightie ruine of his Glorie
In her sad Exile; all the memorie
Of heauen, and heauenly things, rac't of all hands;
Heauen moues so farre off, that men say it stands;
And Earth is turnd the true, and mouing Heauen;
And so tis left; and so is all Truth driuen
From her false bosome; all is left alone,
Till all bee orderd with confusion.
Thus the poore broode of Peace; driuen, & distrest,
Lay brooded all beneath their mothers breast;
Who fell vpon them weeping, as they fell:
All were so pinde, that she contained them well.
And in this Chaos, the digestion
And beautie of the world, lay thrust and throwne.
In this deiection, Peace pourd out her Teares,
Worded (with some pause) in my wounded Eares.

INVOCATIO.

O ye three-times-thrice sacred Quiristers,
Of Gods great Temple; the small Vniuerse
Of ruinous man: (thus prostrate as ye lye
Brooded, and Loded with Calamitie,
Contempt, and shame, in your true mother, Peace)
As you make sad my soule, with your misease:
So make her able fitly to dispersе
Your sadnesse, and her owne, in sadder verse.
Now (olde, and freely banisht with your selues
From mens societies; as from rockes, and shelues,)
Helpe me to sing, and die, on our Thames shore;
And let her lend me, her waunes to deplore

(In yours, and your moſt holy Siſters falls)
Heauens fall, and humane Loues, laſt funeralls.
And thou, great Prince of men; let thy ſweete graces
Shine on theſe teares; and drie, at length, the faces
Of Peace, and all her heauen-allyed brood;
From whoſe Doues eyes, is ſhed the precious blood
Of Heauens deare Lamb, that freſhly bleeds in them.
Make theſe no toyes then; gird the Diadem
Of thrice great Britaine, with their Palm and Bayes:
And with thy Eagles feathers, daigne to raiſe
The heauie body of my humble Muſe;
That thy great *Homers* ſpirit in her may vſe
Her topleſs flight, and beare thy Fame aboue
The reach of Mortalls, and their earthy loue;
To that high honour, his *Achilles* wonne,
And make thy glory farre out-ſhine the Sunne.
While this ſmall time gaue Peace (in her kinde Throes)
Vent for the violence of her ſodaine woes;
She turnd on her right ſide, and (leaning on
Her tragique daughters boſome) lookt vpon
My heauy lookes, drownd in imploring teares
For her, and that ſo wrongd deare Race of hers.
At which, euen Peace, expreſt a kinde of Spleene.
And, as a carefull Mother, I haue ſeene (ger:
Chide her lov'd Childe, ſnatcht with ſom feare from dan-
So Peace chid me; and firſt ſhed teares of anger.

The Teares of Peace.

THou wretched man, whome I diſcouer, borne *Peace.*
To want, and ſorrowe, and the Vulgars ſcorne:

Why haunt'ſt thou freely, theſe vnhaunted places,
Emptie of pleaſures? empty of all Graces,
Faſhions, and Riches; by the beſt purſude
With broken Sleepe, Toyle, Loue, Zeale, Seruitude;
With feare and trembling, with whole liues, and Soules?
While thou break'ſt ſleepes, digſt vnder Earth, like moules,
To liue, to ſeeke me out, whome all men fly:
And think'ſt to finde, light in obſcuritie,
Eternitie, in this deepe vale of death:
Look'ſt euer vpwards, and liu'ſt ſtill beneath;
Fill'ſt all thy actions, with ſtrife, what to thinke,
Thy Braine with Ayre, and skatterſtit ininke:
Of which thou mak'ſt weeds for thy ſoule to weare,
As out of faſhion, as the bodies are.
Interlo. I grant their ſtrangeneſſe, and their too ill grace,
And too much wretchedneſſe, to beare the face
Or any likeneſſe of my ſoule in them:
Whoſe Inſtruments, I rue with many a Streame
Of ſecret Teares for their extream defects,
In vttering her true forms: but their reſpects
Need not be leſs'ned, for their being ſtrange,
Or not ſo vulgar, as the reſt that range
With headlong Raptures, through the multitude:
Of whom they get grace, for their being rude.
Nought is ſo ſhun'd by Virtue, throwne from Truth,
As that which drawes the vulgar Dames, and Youth.
Pea. *Truth* muſt confeſſe it: for where liues there one,
That *Truth* or *Vertue*, for themſelues alone,
Or ſeekes, or not contemns? All, all purſue
Wealth, Glory, Greatneſſe, Pleaſure, Faſhions new.
Who ſtudies, ſtudies theſe: who ſtudies not
And ſees that ſtudie, layes the vulgar Plot;
That all the Learning he gets liuing by,
Men but for forme, or humour dignifie
(As himſelfe ſtudies, but for forme, and ſhowe,
And neuer makes his ſpeciall end, to knowe)
And that an idle, ayrie man of Newes,

A ſtanding Face; a propertie to vſe
In all things vil, makes Booke-wormes, creepe to him:
How ſcorns he bookes, and booke-worms! O how dim
Burnes a true Soules light, in his Baſtard eyes!
And, as a Forreſt ouer-grow'n breedes Flyes,
Todes, Adders, Sauadges, that all men ſhunne;
When, on the South-ſide, in a freſh May Sunne,
In varied Heards, the Beaſts lie out, and ſleepe,
The buſie Gnatts, in ſwarms a buzzing keepe,
And guild their empty bodies (lift aloft)
In beames, that though they ſee all, difference nought:
So, in mens meerly outward, and falſe Peace,
Inſteade of poliſht men, and true encreaſe,
She brings forth men, with vices ouer-growne:
Women, ſo light, and like, fewe knowe their owne:
For milde and humane tongues, tongues forkt that ſting:
And all theſe (while they may) take Sunne, and ſpring,
To help them ſleep, and floriſh: on whoſe beames,
And branches, vp they clime, in ſuch extreams
Of proude confuſion, from iuſt Lawes ſo farre,
That in their Peace, the long Robe ſweeps like warre;
That Robe ſerues great men: why are great ſo rude, *Int.*
Since great, and meane, are all but multitude? *Pea.*
For regular Learning, that ſhould difference ſet
Twixt all mens worths, and make the meane, or great,
As that is meane or great (or chiefe ſtroke ſtrike)
Serues the Plebeian and the Lord alike.
Their obiects, ſhowe their learnings are all one;
Their liues, their obiects; Learning lov'd by none. *Int.*
You meane, for moſt part: nor would it diſpleaſe
That moſt part, if they heard; ſince they profeſſe,
Contempt of learning: Nor eſteeme it fit,
Nobleſſe ſhould ſtudy, ſee, or count'nance it.
Can men in blood be Noble, not in ſoule? *Pea.*
Reaſon abhorres it; ſince what doth controule
The rudeneſſe of the blood, and makes it Noble
(Or hath chiefe meanes, high birth-right to redouble,

In making manners ſoft, and man-like milde,
Not ſuffering humanes to runne proude, or wilde)
Is Soule, and learning; (or in loue, or act)
In blood where both faile then, lyes Nobleſs wrackt,-
Interlo. It cannot be denyde: but could you proue,
As well, that th'act of learning, or the loue,
(Loue being the act in will) ſhould difference ſet,
Twixt all mens worths, and make the meane or great,
As learning is, or great, or meane in them;
Then cleare, her Right, ſtood to mans Diadem,
Pea. To proue that Learning (the ſoules actuall frame;
Without which, tis a blanke; a ſmoke-hid flame)
Should ſit great Arbitreſſe, of all things donne,
And in your ſoules, (like Gnomons in the Sunne)
Giue Rules to all the circles of your liues:
I proue it, by the Regiment God giues
To man, of all things; to the ſoule, of man;
To Learning, of the Soule. If then it can
Rule, liue; of all things beſt, is it not beſt?
O who, what god makes greateſt, dares make leaſt?
But, to vſe their tearms; Life is Roote and Creſt
To all mans Cote of Nobleſs; his ſoule is,
Field to that Cote; and learning differences
All his degrees in honour, being the Cote.
Simi. And as a Statuarie, hauing got
An Alablaſter, bigge enough to cut
A humane image in: till he hath put
His tooles, and art to it; hew'n, formd, left none
Of the redundant matter in the Stone;
It beares the image of a man, no more,
Then of a Woolf, a Cammell, or a Boare:
So when the Soule is to the body giuen;

(Being ſubſtance of Gods Image, ſent from heaven)
It is not his true Image, till it take
Into the Subſtance, thoſe fit forms that make
His perfect Image; which are then impreſt
By Learning and impulſion; that inueſt
Man with Gods forme in liuing Holineſſe,
By cutting from his Body the exceſſe
Of Humors, perturbations and Affects;
Which Nature (without Art) no more effects,
Then without tooles, a naked Artizan
Can, in rude ſtone, cut th'Image of a man.
How then do Ignorants? who, oft, we trie,
Rule perturbations, liue more humanely *Int.*
Then men held learnd? *Pea.*
Who are not learn'd indeed;
More then a houſe fram'd looſe, (that ſtill doth neede
The haling vp, and ioyning) is a houſe:
Nor can you call, men meere Religious,
(That haue good wills, to knowledge) Ignorant;
For, virtuous knowledge hath two waies to plant;
By Powre infus'd, and Acquiſition;
The firſt of which, thoſe good men, graft vpon;
For good life is th'effect, of learnings Acts;
Which th'action of the minde, did firſt compact
By infuſde loue to Learning gainſt all ill,
Conqueſts firſt ſtep, is to all good, the will.
If *Learning* then, in loue or act muſt be, *Int.*
Meane to good life, and true humanitie;
Where are our Scarre-crowes now, or men of ragges,
Of Titles meerely, Places, Fortunes, Bragges,
That want and ſcorne both? Thoſe inuerted men?
Thoſe dungeons; whoſe ſoules no more containe

The actuall light of Reaſon, then darke beaſts?
Thoſe Cloudes, driuen ſtill, twixt Gods beame and their breſts?
Thoſe Giants, throwing gouldē hils gainſt heauē? (breſts?
To no one ſpice of true humanitie given?

Peace. Of men, there are three ſorts, that moſt foes be
To Learning and her loue; themſelues and me:
Actiue, *Paſsiue*, and *Intellectiue* men:
Whoſe ſelfe-loues; Learning, and her loue diſdaine.
Your Actiue men, conſume their whole lifes fire,
In thirſt of State-height, higher ſtill and higher,
(Like ſeeled Pigeons) mounting, to make ſport,
To lower lookers on; in ſeeing how ſhort
They come of that they ſeeke, and with what trouble;
Lamely, and farre from Nature, they redouble
Their paines in flying, more then humbler witts,
To reach death, more direct. For Death that ſits,
Vpon the fiſt of Fate, paſt higheſt Ayre,
(Since ſhe commands all liues, within that Sphere)
The higher men aduance; the neerer findes
Her ſeeled Quarries; when, in bittereſt windes,
Lightnings, and thunders, and in ſharpeſt hayles
Fate caſts her off at States; when lower Sayles
Slide calmely to their ends. Your *Paſsiue* men
(So call'd of onely paſſing time in vaine)
Paſſe it, in no good exerciſe, but are
In meates, and cuppes laborious; and take care
To loſe without all care their Soule-ſpent Time;
And ſince they haue no meanes, nor Spirits to clime,
Like Fowles of Prey, in any high affaire;
See how like Kites they bangle in the Ayre,
To ſtoope at ſcraps, and garbidge; in reſpect,
Of that which men of true peace ſhould ſelect;

And how they trot out, in their liues, the Ring;
With idlely iterating oft one thing,
A new-fought Combat, an affaire at Sea;
A Marriage, or a Progresse, or a Plea.
No Newes, but fits them, as if made for them,
Though it be forg'd, but of a womans dreame;
And stuffe with, such stolne ends, their manlesse breasts,
(Sticks, rags, and mud) they seem meer Puttocks nests:
Curious in all mens actions, but their owne;
All men, and all things censure, though know none.
Your Intellectiue men, they study hard
Not to get knowledge, but for meere rewarde.
And therefore that true knowledge that should be
Their studies end, and is in Nature free,
Will not be made their Broker; hauing powre
(With her sole selfe) to bring both Bride, and dowre.
They haue some shadowes of her (as of me,
Adulterate outward Peace) but neuer see
Her true, and heauenly face. Yet those shades serue
(Like errant Knights, that by enchantments swerue,
From their true Ladyes being; and embrace
An ougly Witch, with her phantastique face)
To make them thinke, *Truths* substance in their arms:
Which that they haue not, but her shadowes charmes,
See if my proofes, be like their Arguments
That leaue *Opinion* still, her free dissents.
They haue not me with them; that all men knowe
The highest fruite that doth of knowledge grow;
The Bound of all true formes, and onely Act;
If they be true, they rest; nor can be rackt
Out of their posture, by *Times* vtmost strength;
But last the more of force, the more of length:

For they become one ſubſtance with the Soule;
Which Time with all his adiuncts ſhall controule.
But ſince, men wilfull may beleeue perchance
(In part of Errors two-folde Ignorance,
Ill diſpoſition) their skills looke as hie
And reſt in that diuine Securitie;
See if their liues make proofe of ſuch a Peace,
For Learnings Truth makes all lifes vain war ceaſe;
It making peace with God, and ioines to God;
Whoſe information driues her Period
Through all the Bodies paſſiue Inſtruments;
And by reflection giues them Soule-contents,
Beſides, from perfect Learning you can neuer
Wiſedome (with her faire Reigne of Paſſions) ſeuer;
For Wiſdome is nought elſe, then Learning fin'd,
And with the vnderſtanding Powre combin'd;
That is, a habite of both habits ſtanding;
The Bloods vaine humours, euer countermaunding.
But, if theſe ſhowe, more humour then th'vnlearn'd;
If in them more vaine paſſion be diſcern'd;
More mad Ambition; more luſt; more deceipt;
More ſhowe of golde, then gold; then droſſe, leſs weight;
If Flattery, Auarice haue their ſoules ſo giuen,
Headlong, and with ſuch diueliſh furies driuen;
That fooles may laugh at their imprudencie,
And Villanes bluſh at their diſhoneſtie;
Where is true Learning, proov'd to ſeparate theſe
And ſeate all forms in her Soules height, in peace?
Raging *Euripus*, that (in all their Pride) (Tide,
Driues Shippes gainſt rougheſt windes, with his fierce
And ebbes and flowes, ſeuen times in euerie daie;
Toyles not on Earth with more irregulare ſwaye;

Nor

Nor is more turbulent, and mad then they.
And shine; like gould-worms, whom you hardly finde,
By their owne, light; not seene; but heard like winde.
But this is Learning; To haue skill to throwe
Reignes on your bodies powres, that nothing knowe;
And fill the soules powers, so with act, and art,
That she can curbe the bodies angrie part;
All preturbations; all affects that stray
From their one obiect; which is to obay
Her Soueraigne Empire; as her selfe should force
Their functions onely, to serue her discourse;
And, that; to beat the streight path of one ende
Which is, to make her substance still contend,
To be Gods Image; in informing it,
With knowledge; holy thoughts, and all formes fit
For that eternitie, ye seeke in way
Of his sole imitation; and to sway,
Your lifes loue so, that hee may still be Center
To all your pleasures; and you, (here) may enter
The next lifes peace; in gouerning so well
Your sensuall parts, that you, as free may dwell
Of vulgare Raptures, here; as when calme death
Dissolues that learned Empire, with your Breath.
To teach, and liue thus, is the onely vse,
And end of Learning. Skill that doth produce
But teatmes, and tongues, and Parrating of Arte,
Without that powre to rule the errant part;
Is that which some call, learned ignorance;
A serious trifle; error in a trance.
And let a Scholler, all earths volumes carrie,
He will be but a walking dictionarie:
A meere articulate Clocke, that doth but speake

By others arts; when wheeles weare, or ſprings breake,
Or any fault is in him; hee can mend
No more then clockes; but at ſet howres muſt ſpend
His mouth, as clocks do; If too faſt, ſpeech goe
Hee cannot ſtay it; nor haſte if too ſlowe.
So that, as Trauaylers, ſeeke their peace through ſtorms,
In paſſing many Seas, for many forms,
Of forreigne gouernment; indure the paine
Of many faces ſeeing; and the gaine
That Strangers make, of their ſtrange-louing humors;
Learn tongues; keep note books; all to feed the tumors
Of vaine diſcourſe at home; or ſerue the courſe
Of State employment, neuer hauing force
T'employ themſelues; but idle complements
Muſt pay their paines, coſts, ſlaueries, all their Rents;
And, though they many men knowe, get few friends:
So couetous Readers; ſetting many endes
To their much skill to talke; ſtudiers of Phraſe;
Shifters in Art; to flutter in the Blaze
Of ignorant count'nance; to obtaine degrees
And lye in Learnings bottome, like the Lees,
To be accounted deepe, by ſhallow men;
And carue all Language, in one glorious Pen;
May haue much fame for learning: but th'effect
Proper to perfect Learning; to direct
Reaſon in ſuch an Art, as that it can
Turne blood to ſoule, and make both, one calme man;
So making peace with God; doth differ farre
From Clearkes that goe with God & man to warre.

Int. But may this Peace, and mans true Empire then,
By learning be obtainde? and taught to men?

Pea. Let all men iudge; who is it can denie,

That the rich crowne of ould Humanitie,
Is ſtill your birth-right? and was ne're let downe
From heauen, for rule of Beaſts liues, but your owne?
You learne the depth of Arts; and (curious) dare
By them (in Natures counterfaits) compare
Almoſt with God; to make perpetually
Motion like heauens; to hang ſad Riuers by
The ayre, in ayre; and earth, twixt earth and heauen
By his owne paiſe. And are theſe vertues giuen
To powrefull Art, and Vertue's ſelfe denied?
This proues the other, vaine, and falſified,
Wealth, Honour, and the Rule of Realmes doth fall
In leſſe then Reaſons compaſſe; yet, what all
Thoſe things are giuen for (which is liuing well)
Wants diſcipline, and reaſon to compell.
O fooliſh men! how many waies ye vex
Your liues with pleaſing them? and ſtill perplex
Your liberties, with licence? euery way
Caſting your eyes, and faculties aſtray
From their ſole obiect? If ſome few bring forth
(In Nature, freely) ſomething of ſome worth;
Much rude and worthleſſe humour runs betwixt;
(Like fruit in deſerts) with vile matter mixt.
Nor (ſince they flatter fleſh ſo) they are bould
(As a moſt noble ſpectacle) to behould
Their owne liues; and (like ſacred light) to beare
There Reaſon inward: for the Soule (in feare
Of euerie ſort of vice, ſhee there containes)
Flies out; and wanders about other mens;
Feeding, and fatting, her infirmities.
And as in auntient Cities, t'was the guiſe
To haue ſome Ports of ſad, and hapleſſe vent,

Through

Through which, all executed men they ſent;
All filth; all offall, caſt from what purg'd ſinne;
Nought, chaſte, or lacted, there going out, or in:
So, through mens refuſe eares, will nothing pearſe
Thats good, or elegant; but the ſword; the herſe;
And all that doth abhorre, from mans pure vſe,
Is each mans onely Siren; only Muſe.
And thus, for one God; one fit good; they priſe
Theſe idle, fooliſh, vile varieties.

Int. Wretched eſtate of men, by fortune bleſt;
That being euer idle, neuer reſt;
That haue goods, ere they came them; and for that,
Want art to vſe them. To bee wonderd at
Is Iuſtice; for Proportion, Ornament;
None of the Graces, is ſo excellent.
Vile things, adorne her: me thought, once I ſawe
How, by the Seas ſhore, ſhe ſat giuing lawe
Euen to the ſtreames, and fiſh (moſt looſe, and wilde)
And was (to my thoughts) wondrous ſweet and milde;
Yet fire flew from her that diſſolued Rocks;
Her lookes, to Pearle turnd pebble; and her locks,
The rough, and ſandy bankes, to burniſht gould;
Her white left hand, did goulden bridles holde;
And, with her right, ſhe wealthy gifts did giue;
Which with their left hands, men did ſtill receiue;
Vpon a world in her chaſte lappe, did lye,
A little Iuory Book, that ſhow'd mine eye,
But one Page onely; that one verſe containde,
Where all Arts, were contracted, and explainde;
All policies of Princes, all their forces;
Rules for their feares, cares, dangers, pleaſures, purſes,
All the fayre progreſſe of their happineſſe here,

Iuſtice conuerted, and compoſed there.
All which I thought on, when I had expreſt
Why great men, of the great ſtates they poſſeſt,
Enioyd ſo little; and I now muſt note
The large ſtraine of a verſe, I long ſince wrote.
Which (me thought) much ioy, to men poore preſented;
God hath made none (that all might be) contented.
It might (for the capacitie it beares) *Peace.*
Be that concealed and expreſſiue verſe,
That Iuſtice, in her Iuorie Manuell writ;
Since all Lines to mans Peace, are drawne in it.
For great men; though ſuch ample ſtuffe they haue
To ſhape contentment; yet, ſince (like a waue)
It flittes, and takes all formes, retayning none;
(Not fitted to their patterne, which is one)
They may content themſelues; God hath not giuen,
To men meere earthly, the true Ioyes of heauen;
And ſo their wilde ambitions either ſtay;
Or turne their headſtrong courſe, the better way.
For poore men; their cares may be richly eaſde;
Since rich (with all they haue) liue as diſpleaſde.
You teach me to be plaine. But whats the cauſe, *Int.*
That great, and rich, whoſe ſtares winne ſuch applauſe;
With ſuch enforc't, and vile varieties,
Spend time; nor giue their liues glad ſacrifice;
But when they eate, and drinke, with tales, ieſts, ſounds;
As if (like frantique men, that feele no wounds)
They would expire in laughters? and ſo erre
From their right way; that like a Trauayler,
(Wearieſt when neereſt to his iourneys ende)
Time beſt ſpent euer, with moſt paine they ſpend?
The cauſe, is want of Learning; which (being right) *Pea.*

Makes idleneſſe a paine; and paine delight.
It makes men knowe, that they (of all things borne
Beneath the ſiluer Moone, and goulden Morne)
Being onely formes of God; ſhould onely fix
One forme of life to thoſe formes; and not mix
With Beaſts in formes of their liues. It doth teach,
To giue the ſoule her Empire; and ſo reach
To rule of all the bodies mutinous Realme;
In which (once ſeated, She then takes the Helme,
And gouernes freely; ſtering to one Port.
Then, (like a man in health) the whole conſort
Of his tun'd body, ſings; which otherwiſe,
Is like one full of weiward maladies,
Still out of tune; and (like to Spirits raiſde
Without a Circle) neuer is appaiſde.
And then, they haue no ſtrength, but weakens them;
No greatnes, but doth cruſh them into ſtreame;
No libertie, but turnes into their ſnare;
Their learnings then, do light them but to erre;
Their ornaments, are burthens; their delights,
Are mercinarie, ſeruile Paraſites,
Betraying, laughing; Feends, that raiſde in feares,
At parting, ſhake their Roofes about their eares;
Th'impriſon'd thirſt, the fortunes of the Free;
The Free, of Rich; Rich, of Nobilitie;
Nobilitie, of Kings; and Kings, Gods thrones;
Euen to their lightning flames; and thunder-ſtones.
O liberall Learning, that well vſde, giues vſe
To all things good; how bad is thy abuſe!
When, onely thy diuine reflection can
(That lights but to thy loue) make good a man;
How can the regular Body of thy light,

Informe,

Informe, and decke him? the Ills infinite,
That (like beheaded *Hydra's* in that Fen
Of bloud, and flesh, in lewd illiterate men)
Aunswere their amputations, with supplyes
That twist their heads, and euer double rise;
Herculean Learning conquers; And O see
How many, and of what fowle formes they be?
Vnquiet, wicked thoughts; vnnumbred passions;
Poorenesse of Counsailes; howrely fluctuations;
(In entercourse) of woes, and false delights;
Impotent wils to goodnesse; Appetites
That neuer will bee bridl'd; satisfied;
Nor knowe how, or with what to be supplyed;
Feares, and distractions, mixt with greedinesse;
Stupidities of those things ye possesse;
Furies for what ye lose; wrongs done for nonce;
For present, past, and future things, at once
Cares vast, and endlesse; miseries, swolne with pride;
Vertues despisde, and vices glorified.
All these, true Learning calmes, and can subdue:
But who turnes learning this way? All pursue
Warre with each other, that exasperates these;
For things without; whose ends are inward peace;
And yet those inward Rebels they maintaine.
And as your curious sort of Passiue men,
Thrust their heads through the Roofs of Rich & Poore;
Through all their liues, and fortunes, and explore
Forraigne, and home-affayres; their Princes Courts,
Their Counsaile, and Bedchambers for reports;
And (like free-booters) wander out, to win
Matter to feede their mutinous Route within;
(Which are the greedier still) and ouershoote

Their true-ſought inward Peace, for outward boote;
So Learned men, in controuerſies ſpend
(Of tongues, and tearmes, readings, and labours pend)
Their whole liues ſtudies; Glorie, Riches, Place,
In full crie, with the vulgare giuing Chace;
And neuer, with their learnings true vſe ſtriue
To bridle ſtrifes within them; and to liue
Like men of Peace, whome Art of Peace begat:
But, as their deedes, are moſt adulterate,
And ſhowe them falſe Sons, to their Peacefull Mother,
In thoſe warres; ſo their Arts, are prov'd no other.
And let the beſt of them, a ſearch impoſe
Vpon his Art: for all the things ſhee knowes
(All being referd, to all, to her vnknowne)
They will obtaine the ſame proportion
That doth a little brooke that neuer ran
Through Summers Sunne; compar'd with th'Ocean.
But, could he Oracles ſpeake; and wright to charme
A wilde of Sauadges; take Natures Arme,
And plucke into his ſearch, the Circuit
Of Earth, and Heauen; the Seas ſpace, and the ſpirit
Of euerie Starre: the Powers of Herbs, and Stones;
Yet touch not, at his perturbations;
Nor giue them Rule, and temper, to obay
Imperiall Reaſon; in whoſe Soueraigne ſway,
Learning is wholly vs'd, and dignified;
To what end ſerues he? is his learning tryed
That comforting, and that creating Fire
That faſhions men? or that which doth inſpire
Citties with ciuile conflagrations,
Countries, and kingdomes? That Art that attones
All oppoſition to good life, is all;

Liue

Liue well ye Learnd; and all men ye enthrall.
Alas they are discourag'd in their courses; *Interlo.*
And (like surpris'd Forts) beaten from their forces.
Bodies, on Rights of Soules did neuer growe
With ruder Rage, then barbarous Torrents flowe
Ouer their sacred Pastures; bringing in
Weedes, and all rapine; Temples now begin
To suffer second deluge; Sinne-drownde Beasts,
Making their Altars crack; and the filde Nests
Of vulturous Fowles, filling their holy places;
For wonted Ornaments, and Religious graces.
The chiefe cause is, since they themselues betraie; *Pea.*
Take their Foes baites, for some particular swaie
T'inuert their vniuersall; and this still,
Is cause of all ills else; their liuing ill.
Alas! that men should striue for others swaie; *Int.*
But first to rule themselues: And that being waie
To all mens Bliss; why is it trod by none?
And why are rules so dully lookt vpon
That teach that liuely Rule?
O horrid thing! *Pea.*
Tis Custome powres into your common spring
Such poyson of Example, in things vaine;
That Reason nor Religion can constraine
Mens sights of serious things; and th'onely cause
That neither humane nor celestiall lawes
Drawe man more compasse; is his owne slacke bent
T'intend no more his proper Regiment.
Where; if your Actiue men (or men of action)
Their Policie, Auarice, Ambition, Faction,
Would turne to making strong, their rule of Passion;
To search, and settle them, in Approbation

Of what they are, and ſhalbe (which may be
By Reaſon, in deſpight of Policie)
And in one true courſe, couch their whole Affaires
To one true bliſſe, worth all the ſpawne of theirs;
If halfe the idle ſpeech, men Paſſiue ſpend,
At ſenſuall meetings, when they recommend
Their ſanguine Soules, in laughters, to their Peace,
Were ſpent in Counſailes how they might decreaſe
That frantique humour of ridiculous blood
(Which addes, they vainely thinke, to their liues flood)
And ſo conuerted, in true humane mirth,
To ſpeech, what they ſhall be (diſſolv'd from Earth)
In bridling it in fleſh; with all the ſcope
Of their owne knowledge here; and future hope:
If (laſt of all) your Intellectiue men
Would mixe the ſtreames of euery iarring Penne.
In one calme Current; that like land flouds, now
Make all Zeales bounded Riuers ouer-flowe;
Firme Truth, with queſtion, euery howre purſue;
And yet will have no queſtion, all is true:
Search in that troubled Ocean, for a Ford
That by it ſelfe runnes; and muſt beare accord
In each mans ſelf; by baniſhing falſhood there,
Wrath, luſt, pride, earthy thoughts; before elſewhere.
(For, as in one man, is the world incloſde,
So to forme one, it ſhould be all diſpoſde:)
If all theſe would concurre to this one end,
It would aske all their powres; and all would ſpend
Life with that reall ſweetneſſe, which they dreame
Comes in with obiects that are meere extreame:
And make them outward pleaſures ſtill apply
Which neuer can come in, but by that key;

Others aduancements, others Fames desiring;
Thirsting, exploring, prayſing, and admiring;
Like lewd adultererers, that their owne wiues ſcorne,
And other mens, with all their wealth, adorne.
Why, in all outraying, varyed ioyes, and courſes,
That in theſe errant times, tire all mens forces,
Is this ſo common wonder of our dayes?
That in poore foretimes, ſuch a fewe could raiſe
So many wealthy Temples, and theſe none?
All were deuout then; all deuotions one;
And to one end conuerted; and when men
Giue vp themſelues to God; all theirs goes then:
A few well-giuen, are worth a world of ill;
And worlds of Powre, not worth one poore good-will.
And what's the cauſe, that (being but one *Truth*) ſpreds
About the world ſo manie thouſand heads,
Of falſe Opinions, all ſelf-lov'd as true?
Onely affection, to things more then due:
One Error kiſt, begetteth infinite.
How can men finde truth, in waies oppoſite?
And with what force, they muſt take oppoſite wayes
When all haue oppoſite obiects? *Truth* diſplaies
One colourd enſigne; and the world purſues
Ten thouſand colours: ſee (to iudge, who vſe
Truth in their Arts;) what light their liues doe giue:
For wherefore doe they ſtudy, but to liue?
See I Eternities ſtreight milke-white waie,
And One, in this lifes crooked vanities ſtraie;
And, ſhall I thinke he knowes Truth, following Error?
This; onely this; is the infallible myrror,
To ſhowe, why Ignorants, with learn'd men vaunt,
And why your learn'd men, are ſo ignorant.

Why

Why euery Youth, in one howre will be old
In euery knowledge; and why Age doth mould.
Then; As in Rules of true Philoſophie
There muſt be euer due Analogie
Betwixt the Powre that knowes, and that is knowne,
So ſurely ioynde that they are euer one;
The vnderſtanding part tranſcending ſtill
To that it vnderſtands, that, to his skill;
All, offering to the Soule, the Soule to God;
(By which do all things make their Period
In his high Powre; and make him, All in All;
So, to aſcend, the high-heauen-reaching Skale
Of mans true Peace; and make his Art entire,
By calming all his Errors in deſire;
(Which muſt preceede, that higher happineſſe)
Proportion ſtill, muſt trauerſe her acceſſe
Betwixt his powre, and will; his Senſe and Soule;
And euermore th'exorbitance controule
Of all forms, paſſing through the bodies Powre,
Till in the ſoule they reſt, as in their Towre.
Int. But; as Earths groſſe and elementall fire,
Cannot maintaine it ſelfe; but doth require
Freſh matter ſtill, to giue it heate, and light;
And, when it is enflam'd; mounts not vpright;
But ſtruggles in his lame impure aſcent;
Now this waie works, and then is that waie bent,
Not able, ſtraight, t'aſpire to his true Sphere
Where burns the fire, eternall, and ſincere;
So, beſt ſoules here; with heartieſt zeales enflam'd
In their high flight for heauen; earth-broos'd and lam'd)
Make many faint approches; and are faine,
VVith much vnworthy matter, to ſuſtaine

Their holiest fire; and with sick feathers, driuen,
And broken Pinions, flutter towards heauen.
The cause is, that you neuer will bestowe
Your best, t'enclose your liues, twixt God, and you;
To count the worlds Loue, Fame, Ioy, Honour, nothing;
But life, (with all your loue to it) betrothing
To his loue; his recomfort; his rewarde;
Since no good thought calls to him, but is heard.
Nor neede you, thinke this strange; since he is there,
Present: within you; euer, euery where
Where good thoughts are; for Good hath no estate
Without him; nor himself is, without That:
If then, this Commerce stand twixt you entire;
Trie, if he either, grant not each desire;
Or so conforme it, to his will, in staie;
That you shall finde him, there, in the delaie,
As well as th'instant grant; And so prooue, right
How easie, his deare yoke is; and how light
His equall burthen: whether this Commerce
Twixt God and man, be so hard, or peruerse
(In composition); as, the Raritie,
Or no-where-patterne of it, doth implie?
Or if, in worthy contemplation
It do not tempt, beyond comparison
Of all things worldly? Sensualitie,
Nothing so easie; all Earths Companie,
(Like Rubarb, or the drugges of Thessalie)
Compar'd, in taste with that sweet? O trie then
If, that contraction (by the God of men)
Of all the lawe, and Prophets, layd vpon
The tempting Lawyer; were a lode, that None
Had powre to stand beneath: If Gods deare loue,

Peace

Thy Conſcience do not, at firſt ſight approue
Deare, aboue all things? And, ſo paſſe this ſhelfe;
To loue (withall) thy Neighbour as thy ſelfe?
Not, loue as much; but as thy ſelfe; in this,
To let it be as free, as thine owne is;
Without reſpect of profit, or reward,
Deceipt, or flatterie; politique regard,
Or anie thing, but naked Charitie.
Interlo. I call, euen God, himſelfe; to teſtifie
(For men, I know but fewe) that farre aboue
All to be here deſir'd; I rate his loue.
Thanks to his ſtill-kiſt-hand, that ſo hath fram'd
My poore, and abiect life; and ſo, inflam'd
My ſoule with his ſweete, all-want-ſeaſoning loue;
In ſtudying to ſupply, though not remoue,
My deſert fortunes, and vnworthineſſe,
With ſome wiſht grace from him; that might expreſſe
His preſence with me; and ſo dignifie,
My life, to creepe on earth; behold the skie,
And giue it meanes enough, for this lowe plight;
Though, hitherto, with no one houres delight,
Heartie or worthie; but in him alone;
Who, like a carefull guide, hath hal'd me on;
And (euery minute, ſinking) made we ſwimme,
To this calme Shore; hid, with his Sonne, in him:
And here, ay me! (as trembling, I looke back)
I fall againe, and, in my hauen, wracke;
Still being perſwaded (by the ſhameleſſe light)
That theſe are dreames, of my retired Night;
That, all my Reading; Writing; all my paines
Are ſerious trifles; and the idle vaines
Of an vnthriftie Angell, that deludes

My ſimple fancie; and, by Fate, extendes
My Birth-accurſt life, from the bliſſe of men:
And then; my hands I wring; my boſome, then
Beate, and could breake ope; fill th'inraged Ayre;
And knock at heauen, with ſighs; inuoke Deſpaire,
At once, to free the tyr'd Earth of my lode;
That theſe recoiles, (that, Reaſon doth explode;
Religion damns; and my arm'd Soule defies;
Wraſtles with Angels; telling Heauen it lies,
If it denie the truth, his Spirit hath writ,
Grauen, in my ſoule, and there eterniſde it)
Should beat me from that reſt; and that is this;
That theſe prodigious Securities
That all men ſnore-in (drowning in vile liues
The Soules of men, becauſe the bodie thriues)
Are Witch-crafts damnable; That all learnings are
Fooliſh, and falſe, that with thoſe vile liues ſquare;
That theſe ſowre wizzards, that ſo grauely ſcorne
Learning with good life; kinde gainſt kinde ſuborne;
And are no more wiſe, then their ſhades, are men;
Which (as my finger, can goe to my Penne)
I can demonſtrate; that our knowledges, *
(Which we muſt learne, if euer we profeſſe
Knowledge of God; or haue one Notion true)
Are thoſe, which firſt, and moſt we ſhould purſue;
That, in their ſearches, all mens actiue liues,
Are ſo farre ſhort of their contemplatiues;
As Bodies are of Soules; This life, of Next:
And, ſo much doth the Forme, and whole Context
Of matter, ſeruing one; exceede the other;
That Heauen, our Father is; as Earth our Mother.
And therefore; in reſemblance to approue,

* *Knowledge of our ſelues.*

Who are the true bredde; fatherd by his loue;
(As Heauen it ſelfe, doth only, virtually
Mix with the Earth; his Courſe ſtill keeping hie,
And Subſtance, vndiſparag'd; (though his Beames
Are dround in many dung-hils; and their Steames,
(To vs) obſcure him; yet he euer ſhines:)
So though our ſoules beames, digge in bodies Mines,
To finde them rich diſcourſes, through their Senſes;
And meet with many myddins of offences,
Whoſe Vapours choke their Organes; yet ſhould they
Diſperſe them by degrees; becauſe their ſwaie
(In Powre) is abſolute; And (in that Powre) ſhine
As firme as heauen; heauen, nothing ſo diuine.
All this, I holde; and ſince, that all truth elſe,
That all elſe knowe, or can holde; ſtaies and dwelles
On theſe grounds vſes; and ſhould all contend
(Knowing our birth here, ſerues but for this end
To make true meanes, and waies, t'our ſecond life)
To plie thoſe ſtudies; and holde euery ſtrife
To other ends (more then to amplifie,
Adorne, and ſweeten theſe) deſeruedly)
As balls caſt in our Race; and but graſſe knitt
From both ſides of our Path; t'enſnare our wit:
And thus, becauſe, the gaudie vulgar light
Burns vp my good thoughts, form'd in temperate Night,
Riſing to ſee, the good Moone oftentimes
(Like the poore virtues of theſe vicious times)
Labour as much to loſe her light; as when
She fills her waning horns; And how (like men
Raiſd to high Places) Exhalations fall
That would be thought Starres; Ile retire from all
The hot glades of Ambition; Companie,

That (with their vaineneſſe) make this vanitie;
And coole to death, in ſhaddowes of this vale:
To which end, I will caſt this Serpents skale;
This loade of life, in life; this fleſhie ſtone;
This bond, and bundle of corruption;
This breathing Sepulcher; this ſpundge of griefe;
This ſmiling Enemie; this houſehold-thiefe;
This glaſſe of ayre; broken with leſſe then breath;
This Slaue, bound face to face, to death, till death;
And conſecrate my life, to you, and yours:
In which obiection; if that Powre of Powers
That hath reliev'd me thus fatre; with a hand
Direct, and moſt immediate; ſtill will ſtand
Betwixt me, and the Rapines of the Earth;
And giue my poore paines, but ſuch gratious birth,
As may ſuſtaine me, in my deſert Age,
With ſome powre, to my will; I ſtill will wage
Warre with that falſe Peace, that exileth you;
And (in my prayd for freedome) euer vow,
Teares in theſe ſhades, for your teares; till mine eyes
Poure out my ſoule in better ſacrifiſe.
Nor doubt (good friend) but God, to whom I ſee
Your friendleſſe life conuerted; ſtill will be
A rich ſupply for friends; And ſtill be you
Sure Conuertite to him. This, this way rowe
All to their Countrie. Thinke how hee hath ſhew'd
You wayes, and by wayes; what to bee purſew'd,
And what auoyded. Still, in his hands be,
If you deſire to liue, or ſafe, or free.
No longer dayes take; Nature doth exact
This reſolution of thee, and this fact:
The Foe hayles on thy head; and in thy Face

Peace.

Inſults, and trenches; leaues thee, no worlds grace;
The walles, in which thou art beſieged, ſhake.
Haue done; Reſiſt no more: but if you take
Firme notice of our ſpeech, and, what you ſee;
And will adde paines to write all; let it be
Diuulged too. Perhappes, of all, ſome one
May finde ſome good: But might it touch vpon
Your gratious Princes liking; hee might doe
Good to himſelfe, and all his kingdomes too:
So virtuous, a great Example is;
And that, hath thankt, as ſmall a thing as this;
Here being ſtuffe, and forme, for all true Peace;
And ſo, of all mens perfect Happineſſe.
To which, if hee ſhall lend his Princely eare,
And giue commandement (from your ſelfe) to heare
My ſtate; tell him you know me; and that I,
That am the Crowne of Principalitie,
(Though thus caſt off by Princes) euer vow
Attendance at his foote; till I may growe
Vp to his boſome; which (being deaw'd in time
With theſe my Teares) may to my comforts clyme:
Which (when all Pleaſures, into Palſeys turne,
And Sunne-like Pomp; in his own clowds ſhal mourne)
Will be acceptiue. Meane ſpace I will pray,
That hee may turne, ſome toward thought this way;
While the round whirlewindes, of the earths delights
Duſt betwixt him and me; and blinde the ſights
Of all men rauiſht with them; whoſe encreaſe
(You well may tell him) faſhions not true Peace.
The Peace that they informe; learns but to ſquat,
While the ſlye legall foe (that leuels at
Warre, through thoſe falſe lights) ſoudainly runs by

Betwixt you, and your ſtrength; and while you lye,
Couching your eares; and flatting euerie lymme
So cloſe to earth, that you would ſeeme to him
The Earth it ſelfe: yet hee knowes who you are;
And, in that vantage, poures on, ready warre.

Concluſio.

THus, by the way, to humane Loues interring,
Theſe marginall, and ſecret teares referring
To my diſpoſure (hauing all this howre
Of our vnwordly conference, giuen powre
To her late-fainting iſſue, to ariſe)
She raiſde her ſelfe, and them; The Progenies
Of that ſo ciuile Deſert, riſing all;
Who fell with her; and to the Funerall
(She bearing ſtill the Coffine) all went on.
And, now giues Time, her ſtates deſcription.
Before her flew Affliction, girt in ſtorms,
Gaſht all with guſhing wounds; and all the formes
Of bane, and miſerie, frowning in her face;
Whom Tyrannie, and Iniuſtice, had in Chace;
Grimme Perſecution, Pouertie, and Shame;
Detraction, Enuie, ſoule Mishap and lame;
Scruple of Conſcience; Feare, Deceipt, Deſpaire;
Slaunder, and Clamor, that rent all the Ayre;
Hate, Warre, and Maſſacre; vncrowned Toyle;
And Sickenes (t'all the reſt, the Baſe, and Foile)
Crept after; and his deadly weight, trode downe
Wealth, Beautie, and the glorie of a Crowne.
Theſe vſherd her farre of; as figures giuen,

To ſhowe, theſe Croſſes borne, make peace with heauen
But now (made free from them) next her, before;
Peacefull, and young, Herculean ſilence bore
His craggie Club; which vp, aloft, hee hild;
With which, and his forefingers charme hee ſtild
All ſounds in ayre; and left ſo free, mine eares,
That I might heare, the muſique of the Spheres,
And all the Angels, ſinging, out of heauen;
Whoſe tunes were ſolemne (as to Paſſion giuen)
For now, that Iuſtice was the Happineſſe there
For all the wrongs to Right, inflicted here.
Such was the Paſſion that Peace now put on;
And on, all went; when ſoudainely was gone
All light of heauen before vs; from a wood
Whoſe ſight, fore-ſeene (now loſt) amaz'd wee ſtood,
The Sunne ſtill gracing vs; when now (the Ayre
Inflam'd with Meteors) we diſcouerd, fayre,
The skipping Gote; the Horſes flaming Mane;
Bearded, and trained Comets; Starres in wane;
The burning ſword; the Firebrand, flying Snake;
The Lance; the Torch; the Licking fire; the Drake:
And all elſe Metors, that did ill abode;
The thunder chid; the lightning leapt abrode;
And yet, when Peace came in, all heauen was cleare;
And then, did all the horrid wood appeare;
Where mortall dangers, more then leaues did growe;
In which wee could not, one free ſteppe beſtowe;
For treading on ſome murtherd Paſſenger,
Who thither, was by witchcraft, forc't to erre.
Whoſe face, the bird hid, that loues Humans beſt;
That hath the bugle eyes, and Roſie Breaſt;
And is the yellow Autumns Nightingall;

Peace made vs enter here ſecure of all;
Where, in a Caue, that through a Rocke did eate
The monſter, Murther, held his impious Seat:
A heape of panting Harts, ſupported him;
On which, he ſate, gnawing a reeking lymme,
Of ſome man newly murtherd. As he eate
His graue-digg'd Browes, like ſtormy Eaues did ſweat;
Which, like incenſed Fennes, with miſts did ſmoke;
His hyde was rugged, as an aged Oke
With heathie Leproſies; that ſtill hee fed
With hote raw lyms, of men late murthered.
His Face was like a Meteor, flaſhing blood;
His head all briſtl'd, like a thornie wood;
His necke caſt wrinkles, like a Sea enrag'd;
And, in his vaſt Armes, was the world engag'd,
Bathing his hands in euerie cruell deed;
Whoſe Palmes were hell-deepe lakes of boyling lead;
His thighes were mines of poyſon, torment, griefe;
In which digg'd Fraude, and Trecherie, for reliefe;
Religions Botcher, Policie; and Pride;
Oppreſſion, Slauerie, Flatterie glorified;
Atheiſme, and Tyranny, and gaine vniuſt;
Franticke Ambition, Enuie, ſhagge-heard Luſt;
Both ſorts of Ignorance; and Knowledge ſwell'd;
And ouer theſe, the ould wolfe Auarice held
A goulden Scourge, that dropt, with blood and vapor;
With which, he whipt them to their endleſſe labor.
From vnder heapes, caſt from his fruitfull thyes,
(As ground, to all their damn'd Impieties)
The mourneful Goddeſſe, drew dead Humane Loue;
Nor could they let her entrie, though they ſtroue;
And furnac't on her, all their venemous breath;

(For; though all outrage breakes the Peace of death)
She Coffin'd him; and forth to Funerall
All helpt to beare him: But to sound it all,
My Trumpet fayles; and all my forces shrinke.
Who can enact to life, what kils to thinke?
Nor can the Soules beames beat, through blood & flesh,
Formes of such woe, and height, as now, afresh,
Flow'd from these Obiects: to see Poesie
Prepar'd to doe the speciall obsequie,
And sing the Funerall Oration;
How it did showe, to see her tread vpon
The breast of Death; and on a Furie leane;
How, to her Fist, (as rites of seruice then)
A Cast of Rauens flew; On her shoulders, how
The Foules, that to the Muses Queene we vow,
(The Owle, and Heron shawe) late, how, for her hayre,
A hapleſſe Comet, hurld about the Ayre
Her curled Beames: whence sparkes, like falling starres,
Vanisht about her; and with windes aduerse,
Were still blowne back; To which the Phœnix flew;
And (burning on her head) would not renew:
How her diuine Oration did moue,
For th' vnredeemed losse of humane Loue;
Obiect mans future state to reasons eye;
The soules infusion; Immortalitie;
And proue her formes firme, that are here impreſt;
How her admirde straines, wrought on euery Beast;
And made the woods cast their Immanitie,
Vp to the Ayre; that did to Cities flye
In Fewell for them: and, in Clowds of smoke,
Euer hang ouer them; cannot be spoke;
Nor how to Humane loue (to Earth now giuen)

A lightening ſtoop't, and rauiſht him to heauen,
And with him Peace, with all her heauenly ſeede:
Whoſe outward Rapture, made me inward bleed;
Nor can I therefore, my Intention keepe;
Since Teares want words, & words want teares to weepe.

Corollarium ad *Principem*.

THus ſhooke I this abortiue from my Braine;
Which, with it, laie in this vnworthy paine:
Yet ſince your HOMER *had his worthy hand*
In vent'ring this delaie of your Command,
To end his Iliades; *deigne (Great Prince of men)*
To holde before it your great Shielde; and then
It may, doe ſeruice, worthy this delaie,
To your more worthy Pleaſure; and I maie
Regather the ſperſt fragments of my ſpirits,
And march with HOMER *through his deathleſs merits,*
To your vndying graces. Nor did he
Vaniſh with this ſlight viſion; but brought me
Home to my Cabine; and did all the waie
Aſſure me of your Graces conſtant ſtaie
To his ſoules Being, wholly naturalliz'd
And made your Highneſſe ſubiect; which he priz'd,
Paſt all his honours helde in other Lands;
And that (becauſe a Princes maine ſtate ſtands
In his owne knowledge, and his powre within)
Theſe works that had chiefe virtue to beginne
Thoſe informations; you would holde moſt deare;
Since falſe loyes, haue their ſeaſons to appeare

Corollarium ad *Principem*.

Iust as they are; but these delights were euer
Perfect and needefull, and would irke you neuer.
I praying for this happie worke of heauen
In your sweete disposition; the calme Euen
Tooke me to rest; and he with wings of Fire,
To soft Ayres supreame Region did aspire.

By the euermost humbly and truly dedicated to your most Princely graces,

MVSEVM BRITANNICVM

GEO. CHAPMAN.